



VOL. XVIII.



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

A Great Root Grower.

The last number (for December) of the American Agriculturist, gives a short account of some of the operations of Charles B. Calvert, Esq., of Maryland, on his farm called Riverside, about seven miles from Washington, D. C. It would seem by these statements that Mr. Calvert is king of the root growers in the United States. The Agriculturist says that his farm is a sandy loam, and has been very severely cropped and greatly reduced in fertility, until he undertook the renovation system. His turnip crop last year was 25,000 bushels upon thirty acres. That amounts to \$33 bushels to the acre. Farmers in Maine could raise turnips as largely to the acre as this crop, but too many of them have imbibed the idea that they are of very little value when raised, and so they neglect the culture. We have often urged their culture, and have compared them to grass, and have always considered them as solid stock on purpose for green food for stock during our long winters. From other statements in this same journal, we see that Mr. Calvert is making our name a true one by the mode in which he feeds out his turnips, using them entirely as grass, and giving his cattle no hay at all, while feeding them out. In this way, he uses up this enormous crop.

He keeps eighty cows, says the Agriculturist, "mostly Durhams, besides other stock. The turnips are cut up with a root cutter, some twelve hours before feeding time, and sprinkled with salt and bran. The sap entirely prevents any unpleasant taste in the milk. At the same time a quantity of cornstarch is cut, or rather ground fine, and these are fed to the cows, mixed with the turnips, at the rate of two bushels of stalks to one of turnips, a day. Upon this feed, without any hay, the cows are kept all winter, and give milk all the time."

He is thus enabled to sell large quantities of hay, which is hauling it into Washington, seven miles, brings him from \$15 to \$20, per ton.

We believe the greatest root grower in Maine is Capt. Bryant, of Dexter. We have not heard what the amount of his crop is this year. He raises the Rutabaga principally, and feeds them out principally to sheep.

Straw Cutters, once more.

He who buys a good straw cutter and uses it faithfully, will find that he can save abundance of fodder that would otherwise be wasted. There is always more less rough fodder collected on a farm, than cattle, either because they do not like it as well as some with which it is mixed, or because it may be too hard and coarse to be easily masticated, will not eat. By passing through a straw cutter, it becomes prepared and in a condition for them to chew more easily, and they, of course, eat readily.

For horses that have the heaves, or are a little inclined that way, no better feed can be given them than hay cut finely, then moistened and sprinkled with oat or corn meal. One reason why this sort of food is better for such horses, is this: Horses that have the heaves are generally enormous eaters. If you give them a chance, they will stuff themselves with dry hay to a great degree. This fills them out, and not only crowds the lungs, so that they do not have so much room to rise and fall in, but the midriff, which also has an important action in breathing, is pressed upon and cannot act freely, and hence the disease is aggravated.

Cut the hay finely, sprinkle with water and meal. You thus give a goodly quantity of nutriment in a comparatively small space, and you allow all the organs plenty of room to move in freely, and perform their several duties easier than they would in the other condition.

There are many kinds of straw cutters in the market. Some prefer one kind, and some another. If well made, they all perform well; but you should remember that every machine should be understood by the operators, and used according to the principles upon which it is constructed to work, and not put into the hands of an ignorant bungler who neither knows nor cares which end it stands or which way it should be turned.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

The Black Spanish Fowl.

This beautiful and truly valuable fowl has been almost forgotten of late, owing to the rage for large breeds. The pure bird of the fancy should be perfectly black with large legs and beak. The comb and wattles, of both cock and hen, should be single, of very high color and large size; the comb of the hen drooping over on side.

A very singular characteristic of this fowl is a white comb, which adds much to its beauty. It is a stately bird, and of a grave and majestic deportment.

The hens are the best of layers, producing a very large, pure white egg; and as table birds, they cannot be surpassed. Some breeders of distinction say that they sometimes come with small white spots on the back, making an appearance like small snow flakes.

Different opinions are expressed with regard to the color of the leg. The black is generally preferred, and I consider it the mark of the pure breed; however, I have seen fine specimens with yellow legs; and this color is not without its advocates. Their weight is from five to seven lbs.

Some persons have an idea that the Spanish is a long-legged breed; but in this they are very much mistaken. It is not a long-legged, gawky fowl, with more leg and thigh than any thing else; but it is very well proportioned, in its general shape, both for beauty and utility.

Sporadic specimens of this fowl are very plenty. We know of no pure stock in this part of the country than that of Dr. Rufus Knottidge, of Portsmouth, N. H.

Cardiner, Dec. 9, 1850.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Oxen.

To the Kennebec County Ag. Society:

The Committee on Working Oxen, having attended to the duty assigned them, beg leave to submit the following report:

Your Committee are well aware that where there are many or few competitors, much sensation is experienced and not a little anxiety felt, and sometimes even expressed. In all ages—among all nations, in times of competition, these feelings have pervaded the hearts of all men; and arbitrators have not always escaped the censure of competitors, even when they have labored to the utmost to do justice.

The Greeks were distinguished for their exhibitions, and they were particularly celebrated for their sensitiveness. History informs us that even one of their seven wise men died of joy in consequence of witnessing a feat at the Olympic games. But we cherish with pleasure, the hope that no gentleman will feel overpowered by joy on account of being a successful competitor, or be particularly burthened with grief, by reason of seeing another bear off the palm.

Your Committee would further say that, if there is any just cause for censure to be meted out, on account of laurels being bestowed where they are not merited, they feel that the crowd which thronged around ought to be held at least in part responsible for the error, for your Committee do believe that neither judges or competitors had a fair opportunity.

The whole number of working oxen entered for premium was twenty-two; and out of this number some twelve or fifteen pairs were brought forward for a trial of their strength. The first were those of Mr. Albert Stone, of Mt. Vernon, and they evinced considerable energy and strength for cattle of their size.

Col. Daniel Craig, of Readfield, next brought forward a pair of large cattle, which, we think, were good for labor. The pair introduced by Nelson Jones, of Readfield, appeared to good advantage.

The next pair on the ground belonged to Jonathan Tuck, of Fayette, and were large and well proportioned.

Next came Nelson Packard, of Winthrop, with his steers, measuring only eight feet, but they hauled the load as far, at a pull, as the large cattle.

Richard Judkins, of Readfield, exhibited the strength of a pair of six years old cattle.

James Page, of Augusta, introduced a pair which did much credit to themselves and their owner.

John Ladd, of Mt. Vernon, exhibited a pair very large cattle, which, your Committee think, had performed much labor, and could still work well.

Next was a pair owned by Dudley Hains, of Readfield, which, for spirit and strength, were surpassed by but few if any of their size on the ground, unless it was by a pair belonging to our friend Henry Atkinson, of Winthrop, which appeared to be as gristy as any thing wearing.

Maria H. Kent, of Fayette, had a large pair of six years old cattle, which, for strength and discipline, did well for themselves and their owner. E. G. Tuck, of Fayette, also tried the strength of a pair of five years old cattle, which appeared to be good advantage.

Mr. Brown is very punctual in sending her children to school, and without a rent or a soil on their clothes. She is also a good mother to them, in training them to habits of industry and cleanliness, like herself.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 19, 1850.

A Thanksgiving Homily.

The annual return of this old-fashioned New England holiday, calls up reflections and reminiscences of an ordinary character. It carries us back to the early days of the Republic—to the very infancy of the Old Colony, when Puritan gratitude to God, for the manifold mercies that the pilgrims had experienced amid the privations and hardships incident to their situation at that early period, induced them to set apart a day at the close of autumn, in which they could rejoice for the fulness of their harvests—a day in which they could specially pour out their grateful praise to the Giver of the rich rewards that the earth had yielded to their toils, and for the blessings of health that enabled them to reap and store up in their barns food for themselves and their flocks for the approaching winter.

It is a day for rest to the body and labor for the heart—a time for the exercise of the best feelings of the soul, and for reciprocating kindly offices toward each other. It is a time when the rough labors of life may be suspended, and all may come together in social love and friendship, and make the hours fly swiftly in the participations of those cheerful enjoyments that bind men more strongly to his brother man, and increase the love of all. It is a day for the scattered members of families to leave behind them the cares of business and unite once more around the homestead hearth, and the family board, renewing and strengthening the ties of kindred and of home.

All classes look forward to its approach with pleasing anticipations, but none feel and realize its joys with a keener zest than the young. Buoyant with life and hope and energy—devoid of the heavier cares which riper years are sure to bring upon all, they enter into the festivities of the occasion with the keenest sensations, and live a whole life of enjoyment in a few short hours. Customs have adopted the ceremonies of the day to all classes and all tastes. Let them adopt such as they may relish, provided they be innocent in themselves, and of course injurious to none.

After the appropriate religious duties of the day are performed in such way as the conscience may dictate, let each improve his time in such innocent secular employments, amusements and pastimes as may give him the most satisfaction. But before either of these can be done with the approbation of your hearts, it is necessary that you have remembered the poor—aye, forgotten the poor, else how can you expect to make this a day of universal thanksgiving? If you help not to raise the load of care from the heavily burdened—if you help not to dispel the shadows of grief from the brow of sorrow—if you aid not in lighting up a cheerful blaze upon the heart of the destitute—if you assist not in furnishing the tables of those who are hungry—if you help not to cover the persons of the naked, your own rejoicings will be marred by the thought of duty neglected—or wretchedness alleviated, and your notes of praise and thanksgiving will make strange discord with the groans and wailings of want and misery, as they ascend upward to God. A little of your superabundance will carry happiness where there is a “plentiful lack;” and the reflection of the smile through the grateful tears of the relieved, will make your own joys brighter and sweeter. So unlock your hearts, and unclench your hands, and pour forth liberally, and make the heart of sorrow a partner of your fulness, and learn that there is something in nature that can be doubled by imparting, and a fountain of pleasure that is increased in its fulness, the more liberally it is bestowed.

The example of the New England Puritans, which has been kept up with religious fidelity every year since 1637, has now spread throughout the country, and is adopted by a majority of States in the Union, each one reserving the right for its Executive to appoint such a day for the service as it seems them good. A New Jersey Bard, inspired by reverence for the day, has given us the following song to be sung in aid of the services of the occasion, which we copy from the *Newark Advertiser*:

Hark! ‘tis glad, inviting call—
Come to the feast of THANKS again,
The meal is spread, and free to all
As custom bids, no rain.

Come rich and poor, come high and low—
Here meet us all, in all, names, all ranks;
Come every one that fain would know
The luxury of Thanks.

No ramer now of bold
Intrude upon our festive scene;
But dove-eyed PEACE, in place of MARS,
Herselves have given green.

And smiling VERA stands beside—
She, who domestic peace inspires—
Who o'er the household doth preside,
Herself the home of peace presides.

While CAXA, with his locks—
And boisterous smile, is waiting stads,
With poppies wreathed, and golden locks
Of corn within her hands.

To deck the feast, sweet FLOA strings
Her Autumn flowers in garlands fair;
And ready cracked POMONA brings
Of fruits a festive rare.

BATTLES OF THE WALDENSES. This is a very interesting little book from the pen of the Rev. J. T. Headley, well known as a nervous and graphic writer. The publisher is John S. Taylor, New York. The Waldenses are among the most wonderful people in the world. There is but a handful of them—a mere band of peasants ardently devoted to the Protestant religion, occupying a tract of country among the Alps, in Italy, near the borders of France, about twelve miles square, and yet, for nine hundred years, they have defended themselves against all the attacks and persecutions of the hosts of Europe, who have attempted to overthrow them and their religion. They have borne and suffered everything for their religion, but still remain, amid all the changes that have “rocked Europe and overthrown old dynasties—emerging like pure gold from the fires of persecution—a standing miracle amid the nations of the earth.” The price of the book is 35 cents, and will be forwarded by mail, on receipt of a post paid order and the money.

A Good Suggestion by the President.

One of the best suggestions by the President, in his late message, is the recommendation to Congress, to establish a board, whose duty it should be to consider and pass judgment upon private claims. By that, we mean claims which individuals have against the Government of the United States. If ever a government was guilty of most outrageous injustice to individuals who have just claims against it, our Government is that one. It has been almost an impossibility to get a hearing before Congress. Look, for instance, to those individuals who have claims against the United States for property taken from them by the French, some forty or more years ago. How many of them have received their just dues? The French Government, long and ago, paid out our Government what was demanded, leaving it, (as was proper for them to do) to our Government to pay the several individuals who had been despoiled of their property. What has our Government done about it? Next to nothing at all. Indeed they have worried most of the claimants into the grave, and their heirs have given up almost all hopes of ever being paid. We have one worthy man now in our mind’s eye, who owned ten thousand hogs in a ship and cargo that was taken and burnt by the French. With the exception of a small farm, it was all he had. The farm, it is true, by industry and frugality, gave him and his family a decent living. But he always looked to the Government for redress, and for years and years he made application to Congress for some remuneration of his losses. His claims, like those of others, were never heard or examined, and he finally died unpaid, reflecting bitterly on the injustice and meanness of a Government that could thus in fact cheat him out of his property, and see him wronged and slighted, when he applied for his just dues. His case is no harder, and perhaps not so hard as that of thousands of others. If any thing can be done, whereby justice can be given to those who have just claims, and thereby this burning disgrace be wiped away from us, all the people will say amen. We hope the suggestions of the President will be carried into effect, and an able, spirited and active Board be established, that will promptly investigate and award every cent that shall be due to those whose property the Government have taken and never paid.

New Publications.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR JANUARY. By some negligence, a notice of Godey, for January, was omitted in our last number, but although we are behind the time a little, Godey never. His number for January, 1851, was duly received, and is a splendid one. It has its usual quota of superb original plates, done up in the greatest style of art. 1. The Constant. 2. The Four Eras of Life. 3. The Sylphs of the Seasons.—

A double Fashion plate. In addition to these are eighteen other engravings of different kinds and styles. The next volume will be a notch above his predecessors, and well worth the attention of those who wish to encourage the varied talent of writers and artists who are engaged in the work.

Report of the Augusta Female Benevolent Society.

The season has again returned in which to acknowledge the blessings we have received the past year, and while many have abundant reasons to be thankful, may also be in connection with the poor and unfortunate, for such we have always among us—the number of which seems to be constantly increasing with the growth of our city. We know there is much private charity and liberality, but this cannot always reach the most meritorious, who suffer silently, rather than make their wants known. This Society has efficient managers to visit families and know their real destitution. Their object is to provide clothing and bedding, so far as their limited means will allow, particularly for the sick and infirm, and also for children not able to earn their own livelihood. For this purpose the society frequent meetings, during the inclement season, to make garments, quilts and comforts, with their own hands. Also in connection, a number of ladies, during the last season, have volunteered their services one half day each week, to teach such children to sew as do not have suitable instruction at home, and furnishing materials for such garments as they can make for themselves. This Society would acknowledge the generous aid they have received from benevolent gentlemen, and also from different Societies.

During the year 1850, this Society has received by contributions from Rev. Dr. Tappan's Society, \$26.27; from Rev. Mr. Jud's Society, \$5.57; from Rev. Mr. Burgess' Society, \$21. Poet Laureate. Alfred Tennyson has been appointed poet laureate of England, in place of Wm. Wordsworth, deceased.

TENNESSEE. The subscriptions in this railroad have reached \$1,000,000. The entire stock is to be \$9,000,000, of which Mr. Hargren is to have \$3,000,000 for the grant. The balance is to be subscribed.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.



ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA.

The steamer America, from Liverpool Nov. 30, arrived at Halifax on Wednesday, Dec. 11, with one week later intelligence from Europe. She encountered unusually heavy weather throughout the passage. The Americans had 46 passengers for Boston, and 6 for Halifax.

ENGLAND. There is an increased agitation in England and Scotland upon the anti-papery movement. The Daily News asserts that the Attorney-General is preparing a bill to make penal the holding of English titles by the Catholic clergy. The Times significantly remarks that Dr. [sic] [sic] is the last Bishop of Birmingham.

Lord Brougham, a Catholic nobleman, has taken the field against the measures of the Pope, and maintains that his appointments to English Bishops are derogatory to the Crown and at variance with the Constitution. Immense meetings to denounce the aggressive policy of the Pope have been held all over the country, and in some cases have led to serious riots, especially at Birkenhead, near Liverpool, where the meeting advertised for Wednesday, the 27th, was attended with one of the wildest riots which have occurred since the days of the Reform Bill. The magistrates and police were driven to flee before the mob; but quiet was finally restored.

A fruitful colliery explosion occurred at the mine of Fifth & Sons, at Halifax, England, on Friday afternoon. The loss of life is unknown, but it is supposed to be very great.

GERMANY. The latest news from Germany is no more pacific, nor are affairs less critical and complicated, than they have been for two weeks previous to the sailing of the America. The Prussian Chamber was opened on the 21st, by a speech from the King, which has caused intense excitement, and is looked upon as favorable to the war party. He says in the shortest possible time we shall be more strongly armed than ever before, either in numbers or armament. We seek not war, but we demand an armament equal to the general falsehood suitable to our present position in Europe and Germany—and corresponding with the amount of rights which God has placed in our hands. We have a good right—we will defend it, and remain under arms till we have secured its recognition. We owe this to Prussia—owe this to Germany.

It is stated by telegraph from Paris, that the Prussian government has negotiated a loan of ten millions sterling with the house of Rothschild in London.

The Prussian upper house of Assembly is reported to have voted to increase the military budget of the house is moderately disposed. The disturbances between the Prussian and Bavarian troops at Frankfort were renewed on the 25th, and in several of the streets the soldiers of the two countries had very sanguinary conflicts. The intervention of strong patrols could alone preserve peace in the city.

The Austrian or Federal army in Hesse Cassel, is suffering from want of provisions, and their commander has informed the Prussian General that he shall be compelled to advance. Gen. Grobien replied that the Prussian troops under his command would not fall back under any circumstances.

The cabinet of St. Petersburg is reported to have formally made known that a war of Prussia against Austria, would at the same time be waged against Russia.

The Prussian war party find most support, after Berlin, in the Rhine provinces.

At Frankfurt, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, and other central points, confidence in the maintenance of peace is daily becoming more weak.

The stock exchange at Vienna, the premium on gold has risen to 100 per cent.

The latest advice from Paris announces, M. Persigny's return from Berlin. He is reported to have expressed his convictions that the King of Prussia will have great difficulty in restoring the warlike disposition of his army and people, and that he cannot and ought not to make any further concessions. The French ambassador to London had arrived in Paris, to explain Lord Palmerston's views on the German question. It is reported that England wishes to act in concert with France, and that she desires to prevent Russian intervention.

FRANCE.—Gloomy Prospects. In the New Orleans Daily publishes a statement signed by 99 passengers on board the steamship Alabama, direct from California, in which the very reverse of the usual picture of California gold-getting is presented. We give below the essential portions of the statement:

"We have viewed with regret the many false statements circulated in newspapers, based on information derived from the press in California, the conductors of which are engaged in the transportation business, on the Atlantic and Pacific. The bankers, merchants, traders, whose business transactions extend throughout the entire coast, and who, until recently, had given but a small degree, in misleading the public in regard to the flattering prospects of those engaged in mining. They have induced thousands and tens of thousands to seek fortunes in California at great sacrifices, who never would have tried the experiment if they had been informed of the real condition and prospects of those engaged in the mines."

We believe that thousands have been induced to emigrate to California, leaving the pastures of the world, and to be disappointed by the government agent, (Mr. King) and by the statements made by the delegates in Congress, in relation to the gold-bearing quartz. They stated that quartz rock existed to an unlimited extent, and worth from one to three dollars per pound. These statements coming to the miners through the newspapers published abroad, struck them with profound astonishment. Now there is not one minor in five hundred who has found in all his researches a pound of quartz rock worth fifty cents per pound, and the undersigned, who have been deeply interested in the matter, having examined machinery to the mines, great expense has been made to the miners to get quartz rock to work the quartz, which is to be paid for labor.

In this city, December 12, LOUISA SLATER, aged 18, died, Mrs. ORRIN WELCH LANSOM of this city, Miss ANN E. SMITH, Mrs. ROBERT COOPER, Mrs. ELIZABETH N. NORRIS, Dec. 10th, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler.

Mr. ORRIN WELCH LANSOM of this city, Esq., in North Waldoher, Dec. 8th, by Revens Off, Esq., Mr. WARREN SHUMAN to Mrs. MARY LOW BEN-

NETTLE, Dr. SIR, Mr. JOHN D. CHATMAN to Mrs. FLORETTA B. CROOKS, Esq., of this city.

In Summer, CYRUS W. BATES to Mrs. MARY B. BROWN, Mrs. SAMUEL B. BROWN to Mr. WENDELL WEST GARDNER, to Miss SARAH B. FRENCH of Waldoher, Gorham, Mr. GEORGE SHOREY to Miss SUSAN G. HINKLEY, Mr. SAMUEL B. BEALES to Miss ACHASIA H. SMITH.

In Lowell, Mrs. MARY REBECCA COOK of Water-ville, Mrs. MARY JOHNSON of Fairfield, Esq., in Portland, Mr. EBENEZER CHENEY, Jr. to Miss FREDERICKA B. DIXON, Mrs. H. WHITE, Shrewsbury, to Miss OLIVE L. WEBB.

In Norway, Mr. JAMES S. CROCKETT to Miss SA-
LOME FRANK.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Some few days since, as the Hon. Nathaniel Clark and wife, of Danville, were approaching the railroad crossing near the Bangs Brook crossing, the horse took flight and became unmanageable, from the giving away of the bit by which the white horse was attached to the wagon, and passed nearly through the door, causing the wagon to upset, and lunge Mr. and Mrs. Clark were thrown with much violence upon the ground. The injuries sustained by Mr. Clark were of such a nature that, after some ten days, resulted in his death on Thursday evening last. [Leicester Journal.]

BUFFALO HUNTERS.—The Hon. Edward Stuart Worley and the Hon. W. Cope, have lately arrived in New York, after a long absence of four months, a tour to the buffalo range of the Red River of the North. The party to which they belonged have been unusually successful in the chase, having killed—more properly, murdered—two hundred and twenty thousand.

Accordingly, extra lines were got out, and preparations were being made to meet the storm, when the hurricane struck the stern of the boat with such violence as to sweep away the entire cabin, with all its furniture and fixtures, the chimneys, smoke pipe, and in fact, everything above the main deck. There were some 300 ploughs on the roof of the cabin, which were blown some hundred yards. All the men of the cargo ship were blown overboard, even barefooted. The bell, weighing 300 pounds, was blown 150 feet from its place. The stoves in the cabin were blown ashore. Many of the passengers and crew of the Saranac were injured, but no one killed. The wharf boat was also unsuccessful, during the past season.

It was the general opinion of the miners last mentioned, that not more than eighty or ninety in every hundred had realized money enough to enable them to return to their families; and that more than one in twenty had remained, dollars being the only means of subsistence.

Large numbers of miners have been engaged in making fortunes in California are lost sight of in nearly nine cases out of a hundred, and the almost universal feeling is to get home. And it is truly heart-rending to witness the general despondency which exists among the miners, and to see stout-hearted and brave men shed tears at their hopeless condition.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.—The homestead law passed by the Vermont Legislature of 1840, extends to operation on the 1st of this month. It provides that house and land, to the value of \$500, with the produce of the land, shall be exempt from attachment and execution, except for taxes.

GLENCOE FISHERMEN IN CALIFORNIA.—We learn that schooner Sea Serpent, formerly of this port, has been fitted out at San Francisco for a fishing cruise. Her crew consists entirely of Gloucester boys. This is doubtless a new enterprise in California, and we hope it will be successful. Halibut, cod, mackerel, and in fact, all kinds of fish common to our waters, are very abundant on that coast, and we see no reason why the fishing business may not be carried on with profit. [Gloucester News, 11th.]

ARKANSAS.—A State census just completed makes the population as follows.—White males, 82,217; white females, 70,701; slaves, 45,249; free colored persons, 630—total, 198,706, being an increase of 101,223, since 1840. The land in cultivation is occupied as follows: With cotton, 239,229 acres; with grain, 430,894 acres. In one year the State produced 66,919 bushels of cotton, 8,275,731 bushels of corn, 1,229,851 bushels of wheat, 269,563 bushels of oats.

ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD.—We learn that the grading, masonry and bridging on the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad, from South Paris to Bethel Hill, are nearly completed, that the cross sleepers are laid down for the whole distance, with the exception of about two miles, where the rails are laid down for about one-half the distance, and that the road will be in operation to Bethel Hill, in one month at furthest, from the present time. [Argus.]

Territory of Utah.

The whole character of the Territory of Utah is singular. Its situation is unlike that of any other section of North America—it's origin and the manner of its settlement no less strange. The name Utah is given to a large extent of territory bounded by California, Oregon, New Mexico, and what was formerly termed the Great Western Territory. It is of sufficient dimensions to be separated into several States, provided in future population shall warrant it. But many parts of it so far as of a peculiar construction as to render it for the present at least, uninhabitable. Parts of it are covered with snow, and where sides are but rocks, exist, it is true, but they are mostly narrow valleys of the arid and sterile kind, their surfaces covered with incrustations of bitter salt, and their whole vegetation a giant species of sage, of no earthly use but to be consumed as fuel. In the midst of these icy mountains, through which there is no access but by steep passes, arid in summer, and choked with snow for five months of the year, is a tract of land, elevated some four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea, called the Great Salt Lake, which is the bowl of the basin of the Colorado. In different parts of this basin, mountains, one of which exploded, have established their habitation, probably at first, with the idea that they would be cut off from all the rest of the world by the natural difficulties of the contiguous territory and the peculiarity of their situation. Here they expected to form, in secrecy and in silence, the germ of a great, peculiar, religious empire, but the stream of California emigration discovered their trail and inundated their principality, and they are now the open, exposed, "half-way house" to the Great Salt Lake.

THE WESTERLOO MURDER CASE.—The trial of Reuben Dunbar, for the murder of Stephen and David Lester, of Westerloo, N. Y., has just terminated, at Albany, with a verdict of guilty. It will be remembered, that Stephen and David Lester were orphan brothers, aged respectively 20 and 22 years, and the children of the deceased parents.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN

The Muse.

THANKSGIVING HYME.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for what Thy love bestows,
For all the varied Providence that from Thy bounty flows.
We thank Thee for the vernal showers that fertilized the ground;
We praise Thee for the genial suns that all man's labor crowns;
We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for all our wealth of grain,
For the tall wheat whose waving mass like ocean filled the plain;
We thank Thee for the fruitful yield of bright and yellow corn;
Whose golden heaps, luxuriant, our fertile fields adorns.
We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for all Thy fruit so fair—
The apple, with its scarlet che-k's, the ripe and mellow pear,
The downy peach, the luscious plum, the purple-clad vine,
And the bright show of radiant flowers that in our garden bloom.
We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for more than we may tell—
We thank thee for the fragrant hay that fills our barn so well;
We praise Thee for the varied gifts that form our harvest feast,
And the choice store of healthful roots, sweet food for man and beast.
We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! that while in other lands Pake stalks and sweeps away their fever-stricken bands,
Our homes are blessed with health and love, with plenty and with joy,
While social and domestic peace yield balm without alloy.
We thank Thee, God of Harvest-Home! for all that we partake!
Then let our hearts with gratitude their hymn of praise awake;
And when, our day of labor past, Death's harvest-hour shall come,
May all our souls, like ripened fruit, be safely gathered home!

From the Friend of Youth.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARY IRVING.

To-morrow is Thanksgiving!" sang a little girl in glee,
Dancing about the kitchen floor, and laughing joyously.
She was a fairy little thing, of scarcely three years old;—
The curly shorts round her smiling face, like rings of gleaming gold.
Poor little girl! she surely spoke those happy words of hope,
When a scalding basin, in her path, her tiny foot tripped up!
The mother sprang up with a shriek—it was too late to save!
That little one's Thanksgiving Day dawned on her new-made grave!

The pines stood ranged along the shelf, all ready for the feast,
Close by the mammoth pudding no sobbing child could taste.
The table stood unfinisht, for the friends who eat to weep
Where they had come, New England's merriest festival to keep.
"We cannot have Thanksgiving now!" her little brother said;
As he glanced up to his father, from the pale cheek of the dead.
"Oh yes, my boy!" The father stooped, and dropped a glistering tear.
A drop-dew on the blighted bud his heart had held so dear.
"Oh yes! We know his lips are bashed from laughter and from play."
Thank God that He has taken her to sing in Heaven to-day!
We know she is not weeping, in her home above the sky—
For his own hand will wipe away the tears from every eye!

"Thank God that little Mary to our hearts awhile was given—
He only lent her from among His little ones in Heaven!"
"It was that on this happy mora her soul should wing away."

To keep, within her Father's home, her long Thanksgiving Day!"

REMEMBRANCES.

At the hour when evening throws

Its gathering shades o'er vale and hill,
While half the scene in twilight glows,
And half in sunlight glories still,

The thought of all that we have been,

And hoped and feared on life's long way,

Comes mingling with the close of day.

The distant scene of youth's bright dream,

The smiling green, the lustered tree,

The murmur of the grass-fringed stream,

The bounding of the torrent free;

The friend, whose tender voice no more

Sighs sweetly thrill the listening ear;

The glow that love's first vision wore;

And disappointment's pangs are here.

But soft o'er each reviving scene

The clustering boughs of memory spread;

And smiling each dark thought between,

Hope softens every tear we shed.

O, thus, when dark night comes on,

And its dark shades around me lie,

May parting beams from memory's sun,

Bright softly on my evening sky.

From the Story-Celler.

From the National Era.

THE LOST AND FOUND:

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Hoos for Thanksgiving Day!" chirruped a fat three-year-old, bursting in his night-gown into Farmer Talbot's warm kichen. He was trying to unlock two bright blue eyes, that Sleep had sealed up pretty firmly, and cut quite a ludicrous figure with his stentorian "Hoos!"

"Bravo, Bobby! Bravo-o-o!" laughed the grandfather from his chimney-corner. "Try it again, Bobby; I'll keep the up the tone of the family."

Bobby's eyes were fully open by this time—he had found his mother, and took refuge in the folds of her check dress, sucking his thumb in quiet thankfulness. Mamma looked around from the girderon she was superintending, with a gentle smile. That smile seemed rather sad, methinks, for the scene and the day; but we know more of her.

Thanksgiving was always a joyous time at Grandfather Talbot's, not merely for its turkey, puddings and pies—though (soily it is spoken) Grandmamma Talbot and her daughters did excel all other grandmothers and aunts at a roaster—in the estimation of the grandchildren, large and small. But farmer Talbot and his "argue-wife" were staunch old Puritans—two of that good old stock with which our blessed New England shores were planted. This stock has been grafted with many other and foreign shoots since—but it is not still the nation's prosperity? It has long been fashionable to ridicule the quaint manners and the starched strictness of the Puritans. Children are taught to picture them as forever coming a piano-book with a nasal twang—as the deadly foal of all cheerfulness and movement. Is not this almost treason to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers who sleep beneath our

AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEWSPAPER.

MANDEVILLE'S READING BOOKS.

WHILE the Readers of Prof. Mandeville are equal, for enjoyment, to any which has appeared in the great number of periodicals, yet the present work in them is given a clear, natural, and systematic course, and the various ways of improving the mind, and the means of education necessary to form an easy, healthy, and intelligent mind, are clearly explained and described in every kind of sentence the language contains, with the laws of grammar, according to the same according to the general practice of the best writers and speakers; to which laws the structure of

These Reading Books are already extensively used with great success, in this State, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Ohio, and are authorized textbooks used in all the schools of New England, and in the Schools of the States of New York and Connecticut.

Rev. S. P. Adams, Chairman of the Book Committee of the Board of Education of New Haven, Conn., says, "I have read the books with great interest, and, though I am ignorant of the cause,"

"Child, you know not what you ask—are you prepared to hear that your father is a beggar—that we must leave the old homestead—where you were all born, and where we have been so happy?"—a choking sensation prevented farmer Lee from proceeding, and Grace slowly repeated, as if mechanically—"Leave the old homestead for what? Why must we go?"

"You are a child," her father answered, "and do not remember your uncle Barker. He was in trouble, and I tried to help him out, but in some way, before the business was ended, I was obliged to mortgage my farm for a small sum which could be raised in no other way. The interest has been regularly paid until the last four years, and I have always hoped to get together enough to pay the principal, but, somehow, or other, instead of this, I have got behind hand, and now the man who holds the mortgage threatens to foreclose, unless the interest, which amounts to more than two hundred dollars, is raised immediately, and this is impossible as even you must know."

"But your brother—uncle Thomas," said Grace, eagerly, "he has money enough, will he not help you in such a case as this?"

"Perhaps he might, but he would want better security than I could give; and, moreover, if I cannot pay the money on the bond, what reason is there to suppose that I could raise it any better next year to repay your uncle? No, no, Grace, there is nothing for it but to leave the old homestead, and, as far as moonlight on an icy lake.

Harry and Nelly had called aunt Susie over to the corner to name their apples, and all were quite silent for a few moments.

The quick bark came again from the dog, followed by a low, protracted groan. Edward jumped to investigate matters, but before he reached the door it was opened, slowly but firmly, and a tall, pale figure stepped within it, and stood silently. The sudden paralysis of surprise bowed every voice. A moment more, and with a faint, desperate cry, Adelaida dropped her boy from her lap, and sprang across the room to her husband.

As his arms closed around her, and her head sank like a lily on his shoulder, farmer Talbot started as if stung by a bitter memory. His arm raised, and his white locks floated back—

"Father!"

It was Susan's voice choked with burning agony as she sprang to catch the hand of the old man.

The uplifted hand fell, and all was hushed for one long moment.

"Come you as a reformed man, Caleb Reynolds!" and farmer Talbot's tone was firm, though quiet.

"I do, by the help of God, my father," the old man solemnly answered.

Farmer Talbot threw the glare of the candle on his features.

Caleb Reynolds never spoke like that, and the old man modulated each word, as if to steady his breathing.

"And have you signed the temperance pledge?"

"I have signed it, and I have kept it for a year."

"Then, my son,—the old man's hand was extended, but his voice was choked. He bowed himself down, and wept like a child.

But the arms loosely around Caleb Reynolds' neck; the surprise had been too sudden, and gentle Addie had fainted. Not till they had won back the life-tide to her cheek, and seen her again in the arms of her husband, turning her look of soul-fuL earnestness, that her early years had worn—not till then did the others approach to welcome, with tearful embraces, their long-lost brother.

"And this is our boy, Adelaida, pressing his lips to the little round forehead of the sleeper. She only replied by her tears.

No question further was asked; but Caleb soon spoke of his wanderings.

"I do not know that she ever sat still long enough to have it taken, except in church. This day she was here, and everywhere, among the children, kissing one, romping with another, and then tossing up Robert's baby, to the terror of its mother and the delight of all others.

"You must let me go and help grandmamma take up the turkey, indeed you must," cried Susan, laughing, as she pushed through the doorway, followed by the whole scampering troupe. One had sprung from the top of the arm chair set to her shoulder, and sat crowning like a parrot on the perch.

"I know," said he, "you would be all assembled here to-night; and I lingered, shivering, long before I could man my heart to come in."

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